

# THE UNIVERCELM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

NO. 20.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,  
BY S. B. BRITTAN.

In Nature and the general constitution of all things, there is a certain condition in which the influence of existing laws and principles, produce a natural and harmonious action. This is true not only of external nature, but of interior things. It is true in its application to man individually, and to all social and political institutions. This condition is essential to an easy, natural and harmonious operation, as well in human society as in universal Nature. Where there is perfection in the constitution, there must of necessity be harmony in the action, whether in the physical structure of things, in the intellectual and moral development of man, or the social and political condition of the world. Whenever a creature has all its powers and faculties entire and in full vigor; when any thing is found to possess all its essential qualities, and the several parts are in due proportion, the original constitution, or at least the existing condition, may be considered perfect.

There are in Nature many beautiful illustrations of our idea. This perfect constitution—this equilibrium of power and harmony of action, are seen in the material universe. The astronomer whose bold, free thought follows the celestial spheres in their solemn march, or "unwinds the eternal mazes of the sky," finds that all is precision and harmony. These ponderous orbs are ever moving on through the measureless ether, with a velocity that is almost inconceivable, and yet

"Order is Heaven's first law—"

There is no confusion—no irregularity in the movements of this vast machinery—all is exact and harmonious. But the wonderful precision that is manifest in the movements of the heavenly bodies, results from the perfect constitution of the Universe. There is a just proportion and a complete arrangement of the several parts that compose the great system. The opposite forces in Nature are nicely balanced, and hence order and harmony prevail. Destroy this perfect constitution and

"The whole would stand still with a rending jar;"

the planets would reel from their orbits—and the earth itself would

—"perish as a worm

Upon Destruction's path—"

the spirit of Chaos would again brood over the mighty vortex in which the glittering spheres were evolved, and in place of all this order and beauty,—this universal harmony would be

"The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

Thus it is manifest that harmony of motion can only result from that perfect organization, in which the various parts are rightly distributed, and the opposite forces are equally balanced.

The human body may afford a suitable illustration of our subject. It is well known that all the members must be in a natural and healthy condition, that their appropriate functions may be properly performed. When the physical organism is thus constituted, a natural and proper action will be the result.

But if one member be diseased or imperfectly developed—if its proper office is inadequately supplied and performed, the essential harmony will be disturbed. There must be an equilibrium of the several powers—a complete adaptation of one part to another in the organic structure to produce this perfect motion. This reasoning will equally well apply to our social and political economy. It is easy to conceive of a social system and of political institutions, established on this great principle of equal development and correspondent action. It is possible for society to exist in a state or condition in which the same equilibrium of power and harmony of action, which obtain in the material universe, may be no less apparent—a state in which the social and political harmony may be as beautifully and impressively displayed. Such a state of society will exist, when man, whose improper action has disturbed the universal harmony, will no longer act in opposition to the laws of his being. I conceive that human actions are right or wrong, according as they tend to preserve or to destroy this essential harmony. Whatever is not opposed to this perfect constitution, must be *right*. Whatever has the effect to disturb the general harmony—to interrupt the appropriate action and proper development of things, is, and must in the nature of the case, be *wrong*. It should be the study and business of man to adapt his actions to this natural constitution of things, for whatever is opposed to this, must necessarily produce confusion in the intercourse of society, no less than in the material world.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN ACTIONS is proposed as the subject of this article. There is a necessary and to my mind an obvious connection, between every action and its appropriate consequence. These are inseparable. The one follows the other as naturally as the harvest is developed from the seed that is sown in spring time. Should the husbandman scatter tares in his field, he could not expect to reap in return a harvest of wheat, because, the organic law that governs the whole process of reproduction is sufficient to preclude the possibility of such a result. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles;" no more do the seeds of vice contain the germs of virtue, which, when unfolded produce a harvest of peace and joy. If this principle be true, and this law invariable as applied in this connection, then we may say of human life—of the thoughts we cherish, the words we speak and the deeds we perform, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In order to a proper understanding of our subject, it may be necessary to premise that the nature of any action, in itself considered, does not necessarily involve the moral rectitude of the actor. These I conceive to be two subjects essentially different. The intrinsic nature of the one must be determined by its legitimate consequences, while the moral character of the other is made to depend on the motives. Let it be distinctly understood that I design, in the present instance, to consider the nature of human actions as distinct from the motives of the actor.

I apprehend that the legitimate results of human conduct are not sufficiently regarded. There is a disposition among men to overlook the natural and inevitable consequences of their doings. They rather seek after arbitrary rewards and penalties, which are opposed to a sound inductive philosophy, for the reason that



they sustain no proper relation to the nature of man or his actions.

Another error is found in the supposition that man may disregard the institutions of his Maker, and yet on a certain condition, not only escape the appropriate consequences, but enjoy the full measure of happiness which is believed to be the reward of a virtuous life. This idea is unphilosophical, because there is no legitimate connection between vice as a cause and happiness as a result. A man may as well plant thorns in his field, and then rely upon his prayers to suspend the operation of natural laws, that he may have an abundant harvest of golden grain.

There must be a natural connection between every cause and its appropriate effect; or, if you please, between actions and their real consequences. The one must bear a definite relation to the other. No reward or penalty can be attached to any law which does not correspond to the nature of the law itself.

Theologians have erected a standard of their own, by which they presume to judge of the nature of human actions. It is true, also, that the criterion of judgment in this case, and the inflictions which are supposed to follow the offenses of this life, are unphilosophical and unreasonable. The whole is unphilosophical, *because they make the penalty entirely separate and distinct from the action.* It is safe to conclude that no reward can be enjoyed, or penalty suffered, that is not necessarily connected with the actions themselves.

I have intimated that men have reared a false, arbitrary standard of judgment. For example, it has been confidently asserted that a single violation of any known law, is an infinite evil. But does not this destroy all natural and proper connection between the nature of the individual and the *magnitude* of his offense? If the powers of man are finite—if he is circumscribed within the sphere of his comprehension, it is difficult to perceive how he can perform an action infinite in the magnitude of its consequences. I will venture to submit a rule by which it may be infallibly known that the common ideas concerning rewards and penalties originate and have their existence in human ignorance. *There is no natural and proper connection between human offenses and the consequences which it is said will inevitably follow.* We will furnish an illustration of our idea. If you expose the body to extreme heat or cold, the animal fluids will be dissipated, and derangement and death will ensue. In this case, it is easy to trace the natural and philosophic connection between the action and its appropriate consequences. But if we suppose that for this, or the infringement of any other law, the individual will not suffer immediate pain or dissolution, but that somewhere, and at some time, beyond the sphere of human observation, he will be imprisoned for an indefinite period, and subject to extreme suffering, then it is manifest that we break this natural connection between human actions and their legitimate results.

We by no means sanction the idea that the appropriate consequences of human conduct, are wholly restricted to the brief period and the narrow sphere of earthly being. There may be results, at least of a negative character, as lasting as the existence of the soul. Our forms of thought and modes of action, must, it appears to me, make their impression on the spiritual nature, and so far as these are outwardly arbitrary or intrinsically unholy, they will of necessity check the natural growth of the soul, weaken the springs of its life, and circumscribe the measure of its immortal joys.

The common opinion is *unreasonable, because* THE RESULTS OF ENLIGHTENED REASON AND PHILOSOPHICAL INDUCTION ARE ALWAYS THE SAME.

We object, therefore, to the popular theological view of the subject as unsound. 1. Because it removes the supposed results of human conduct far from the scene of action—to another sphere of existence, thereby separating the alledged causes from their supposed consequences, thus rendering the Divine government

uncertain in its execution. 2. We repudiate the received opinion, because it involves the supposition that God will not absolutely render to every man according to his deeds—that Divine justice will not graduate the infliction by the standard of human knowledge and accountability. But, on the contrary, that he will measure the penalty of his law by the line of his own infinite Being; thus making the alledged consequences to transcend the magnitude of human offenses by a degree that is beyond our comprehension.

It is improper to suppose that any law can have a penalty attached that does not correspond to the nature of that law. It is equally certain that the Divine chastisements can never exceed the number of our offenses, and the measure of human responsibility. It is, moreover, necessary to observe that the punishment for the infringement of any law, whether organic, physical or moral, is in no case a direct arbitrary infliction from the hand of God. It is the result of the natural operation of the existing laws and principles of his government. Whether those laws and principles are accurately defined and understood by mankind, is a question that can not affect our position. It follows, therefore, that under the Divine administration, the certain consequences of transgression constitute the proper penalty of the law.

I now propose a criterion by which we may form an unerring judgment of human conduct. *The intrinsic character of every action is to be decided by its tendency to preserve or to disturb the universal, equal and harmonious operation of things.* In other words, THE NATURE OF HUMAN ACTIONS MUST BE DETERMINED BY THEIR CONSEQUENCES. They are right or wrong in proportion as they promote happiness or tend to produce misery; and it should be further observed, that whatever is productive of happiness preserves also the essential harmony, while every action that has the effect to produce pain, is alike fatal to an equal operation and perfect constitution of things.

Not only the general distinctive character of every action, but the aggregate of good or evil effects of which it is the immediate cause, may be estimated in this way. If it be subversive of the rights, interests or morals of mankind; if its tendency is to darken the mind and to corrupt the heart—to crush the hopes of humanity, or to divert the current of prosperity from a single individual; if any one is injured, either in person, property or reputation, it follows that the essential harmony is disturbed, and the action is *wrong*. But if it leads to opposite results—if the general tendency is to preserve the health, the morals or the liberties of the race—to refine the nature and improve the condition of man, then it is *right*.

But we may present such illustrations as will exhibit our idea in a stronger light. When the human frame is complete in all its parts, there will be harmony in the structure and in the reciprocal action of the several organs. But if a single organ is impaired by accident or otherwise, the system is rendered imperfect and the action irregular. In a case of this nature, the consequences would enable us to determine the extent of the injury. If of a trifling character, it would be succeeded by slight functional derangement. A case of a more serious nature, would be attended with general prostration. But if the system had received a still greater injury, the involuntary motion might be wholly suspended. In like manner, a man may possess a well-balanced intellect; but if through the influence of external circumstances, or by any possible means, he is led to exercise a single faculty to the neglect of all the other powers of his mind, the mental harmony will be gradually disturbed. If a man violate his conscience, the interior harmony—his peace of mind—will be destroyed.

There are many ways in which one individual may injure another. He may commit an assault upon his person—wantonly assail his character—resort to artifice to gain possession of his property—exercise his power to oppress and enslave his fellow man; or his general influence may tend to destroy the peace and to corrupt the morals of society. In all these cases, it is manifest that the social harmony is invaded.



An unwise and ambitious ruler—one who is led on by vindictive and ungovernable passions, may disregard the rights of mankind, violate the requirements of the international law, and involve the people in an unnecessary war. Thus the political harmony is broken. In these—indeed in every case which it is possible to conceive, the evil will be in exact proportion to the nature and extent of the consequences, and thus the nature of the action is determined.

The standard by which we judge of the nature of human actions, *may be applied to all the affairs of business*. Whatever serves to destroy the natural equality among men—to give the few an undue advantage over the many, must be wrong in itself, and of necessity injurious in its influence. To form a correct judgment of the morality of any transaction, it is only necessary to determine its legitimate tendency and ultimate effects. If it be likely to disturb the natural current of business; to eventuate in injury to others, it must be *wrong*. If otherwise, it is *right*.

Men engage in business because they expect to derive some advantage. This is right, and the question that involves the morality of any transaction is to be determined not so much by the magnitude of the individual benefit, but by the extent of the general good or injury done to the whole body. We are, therefore, to consider whether any proposed operation will prove destructive of the necessary equality that should exist among men, and in all the departments of trade and commerce. If it is made to appear, from the nature of the case, that the essential harmony *will not* be interrupted—that the result *cannot* be unfavorable to the general interest, *it is well*, and this is all that the most rigid moralist can require.

The current value of any commodity must be regulated by two causes: the actual demand and the fictitious estimate arising from the peculiar nature of certain commercial operations. When it is the design of one or of any number of individuals, to produce an unequal and unnatural state of things in the commercial world; whenever their operations become sufficiently extensive to enable them to advance the current prices beyond the relative value of labor, the proper equilibrium is destroyed, and the result is injurious to those who purchase for their own consumption.

A man may very properly embark in an enterprise of this nature, so long as it is not his design, or the tendency of his individual transactions, to disturb the natural current of business. He may purchase with a view to the prospective advance in the value of his goods. When this is the effect of other causes, or the result of other operations, over which he has no control, he may derive the advantage and yet be free from the responsibility. We found our opinion of human actions—not on the authority of divines or legislators, but on their natural tendency and inevitable results. The question is not—are they sanctioned by the Church and the State, but are they subversive of human rights and interests? and on the answer we rest our decision of their character.

The conduct of man has been fearfully opposed to that perfect condition and reciprocal action which is essential to the general harmony. Men have exercised their power, not for liberal ends, but to oppress, enslave and destroy. The claims of humanity have been disregarded; the quivering nerves have been exposed to the action of the frost and the flame, and the weeping necessities of millions have plead in vain for relief. In order to preserve the social and political harmony, the rights and interests of all must be duly respected. Society must be so constituted that the different members will gravitate to a common center, and each find his true position. It is impossible to preserve the general harmony by any *repulsive* or *compulsive* force. The power must be *attractive* and *cohesive*, or there can be no real and permanent union of the many members that compose the great body.

In conclusion, I remark that theologians and others have not been more in error in their judgment of human actions, than in their misguided attempts to correct them. Divines and legislators have labored zealously, but not wisely. They are still comparatively ignorant of man and the laws and principles that govern his conduct; hence their efforts are directed to his actions, instead of the *causes* in which these originate.

The preaching and legislation of our day is intended, not so much to make men better at heart, as to check the more outward and visible manifestations of evil. They labor to make the stream pure while the fountain is corrupt. It is an easy thing to turn the river in any direction you please, if you will only trace it back to its source; but it is in vain to make laws to arrest the turbid waters, when in their progress they have become strong and violent. It has been the object of the State to prevent crime by torturing the criminal. The Church would remove the existing evils by holding up a frightful picture of the greatest evil of which it is possible to conceive. The learned Doctors undertake to teach good morals and good manners, by pointing to an imaginary world whose inhabitants make no pretensions to either. These efforts have their origin in ignorance of human nature and the philosophy of human action. Whoever would make man pure in heart, must move all the invisible springs of his interior nature. If it be desirable to correct his outward life, we must go to work to improve the circumstances of his external condition. Take away the causes which incite to wrong volition and injurious action. When once the axe is laid at the root of the tree, we need not labor to destroy its bitter fruits.

Those who would renovate the world must give a fearless utterance, and a living exemplification of whatever is good and true. They must BE FREE!

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dungeoned,  
Nor science be impeached of godlessness.

\* \* \* \* \*

But let every man have due liberty  
To speak an honest mind, in every land."

Let the millions be educated from their childhood

"In a nobler mode,  
To loftier and more liberal ends."

THE CHURCH is important only as it ministers to purity of heart and life; and every Church which so ministers is a good one, no matter how, when or where it grew up; no matter whether it worship on its knees, or on its feet, or whether its ministers are ordained by pope, bishop, presbyter, or people; these are secondary things, and of no comparative moment. The Church which opens in heaven is that, and that only, in which the spirit of heaven dwells. The Church where worship rises to God's ear is that, and that only, where the soul ascends. No matter whether it be gathered in cathedral or barn; whether it sit in silence or send up a hymn; whether the minister speak from carefully prepared notes, or from immediate and fervent irrepressible suggestion. If God be loved, and Jesus Christ be welcomed to the soul, and his instructions be meekly and wisely heard, and the solemn purpose grow up to all duty amid all conflict, sacrifice, and temptation, then the true end of the Church is answered.—[Channing.

CHILDREN.—Children are social beings. They bring into the world with them the undeveloped elements of those very affections to which they are indebted for preservation and physical comforts during the most helpless period of their existence, as well as all other soft endearments of life, in the several stages of its progress. Constitutional differences there certainly are in this respect, as well as every other. Some children are naturally more social and affectionate than others. This every mother must have observed in her own nursery. But whatever diversities may exist, the *general* constitution is everywhere the same, and the social affections need to be watchfully and judiciously *educated*, no less than the intellect and the conscience



## Original Communications.

## UNITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY JOSIAH JOHNSON.

AMONG the many subjects that present themselves to the philanthropist, there is no one that calls for a more earnest consideration than the subject of unity. Although the disposition to unite seems to be inherent in our nature, yet to the outward and superficial observer, mankind appear to be in a disorganized state, which observation is truthful at least so far as the outer man is concerned. Who is there that can be insensible to this truth, when the present unnatural and unholy condition of the race is considered? Each trade, profession, sect, party and nation is at war with itself, is drawn up in battle array and carrying on a war of extermination. The American laborer looks upon the foreigner as his enemy. The latter coming from a land of toil, oppression, and famine, is willing to labor for a bare subsistence, and by this competition he brings the citizen down to a level with himself. The laborer's interest is also at war with every new discovery and improvement in machinery. He should be able to rejoice when the mechanic brings his invention into the warehouse and puts his machine in motion, showing him that his labor can be lightened by the application of steam or the more subtle elements, which, by the superintendence and direction of one or two men, are made to perform the labor of one or two hundred. But rejoicing is turned to sorrow, when the laborer is informed that his services are no longer wanted. The machine has taken his place, and he returns to his home and family, not to rejoice that a burthen has been taken from his shoulders by a new discovery; but with curses upon his lips against all new inventions. He looks to the future, but each succeeding invention and discovery throws new obstacles in his way until his eye grows dim, his heart sick, and with troubled thoughts—dwelling anxiously upon his wife and little ones, he is ready to exclaim—Is it not enough that man should war against me? shall the subtle and imponderable elements, and all nature combine to destroy me? Alas! does not the condition of the laborer call loudly for the deep and earnest consideration of every philanthropist!

The mechanic and manufacturer being at war with the foreigner of their own craft, call loudly upon the government to interpose with its strong arm to protect them by tariffs, restrictions and prohibitions, from the invading enemy—thus limiting that freedom which is the natural right of every child of God. They are also at war with their craft at home. Like the descendants of Ishmael, their hands are turned against every man and every man's hand is against them. Singly and alone they mingle in this scene of strife until disabled. If they escape death by the hoofs of the war-horse, they may be carried to the rear by some good Samaritan, to be nursed for a little time, until they are able to go forth again to the conflict. Their spirits yearn for unity, but they are repulsed on every side. They shudder when they look out again on the great field of social disorder, where meager Want with open jaws stands ready to devour them. There is little hope of success in a more quiet field, and so they return to the conflict, to stand or fall as the chance of war may determine.

The Physician is at war with every new discovery that tends to harmonize the functions of the human system. His heart softens when he beholds the distress, disorganization and misery, around him on every side, but his bread depends upon its continuance. The Lawyer is at war with all reforms in the practice of his profession. He is sometimes disturbed by the turmoil and strife that is going on around him, but upon its prevalence depends also his bread. The Priest is at war with every advance of the race. He is opposed to freedom, especially of thought, for his bread depends upon the mental slavery of his people. In the goodness of his heart he calls upon all to unite and become as brethren of one common family, that the time may be hastened on, foretold by the ancient prophets, desired and looked for by the wise and good in every age, when war and

strife of every kind shall cease, and man shall no more oppress and enslave his fellow. But instead of following the monitions of the spirit, he confines himself within the circle of a creed, where all must bow down and worship, or be disfellowshipped and cast out as infidels. Thus his mission as a messenger of peace and good will to men, is prostituted to the unholy purposes of a bigoted sectarianism.

The sects calling themselves Christian, are continually at war with each other, concerning the questions of regular succession, baptisms, eucharists, and various other matters, in themselves of little consequence; which are nevertheless upheld with a tenacity and combated with a vigor, which scarcely has a parallel, dividing and destroying families, neighborhoods and nations, prompting men to pursue each other even to extermination. Instead of obeying the injunction of the great Teacher, "love thy neighbor as thyself," they have gone forth in the name of God and his son Jesus to blight and destroy.

National quarrels have exhibited a ferocity and cruelty rarely observed in the inferior tribes. The English war against the Chinese, because the latter would prohibit the importation of opium; the French war with the Sandwich Islanders, because they object to the importation of brandy. In either case, the weaker party must submit, either to take the poison or be put to death by the sword. The United States rob Mexico of her provinces, and pacify her by destroying her physical energies, thus rendering her incapable of further resistance. To note the instances of cruelty in these wars would occupy more time and space than I have at present at my command. These and similar barbarities have not been confined to the remote uncivilized ages, or nations, but have stained the escutcheon of every enlightened nation upon the face of the earth. Few examples recorded in history exceed in cruelty, the slaughter of the natives in the province of Lahore, by the English a few years since. Twenty or thirty thousand while retreating were hemmed in on the bank of a river, and in the work of destruction no quarter was given: those who escaped the cannon and bayonet were driven into the river and there perished. On reception in England of the news of this inhuman slaughter, the Archbishop by proclamation caused thanksgiving and praise to the Most High to be offered up in all the churches throughout the land; that their army had destroyed so many of the poor and defenseless natives, with so little loss to themselves! Ought not the Church to have put on sackcloth and ashes, instead of thanking God that they had destroyed so many of his children?

In this great war slavery stands out against freedom, aristocracy against democracy, might against right. And shall not the right conquer? True, the practical answer to this question remains hidden in the womb of the future; but our confidence in the triumph of truth and goodness is unwavering. The great question that now demands a practical solution, is, what can we do toward bringing in a more desirable state of things? Hear the voice of God and obey! God teaches us to love him as our parent, to love each other as brethren, to love even our enemies, and those who despitefully use and persecute us. The voice of God through nature teaches us by the exact and beautiful operations of the physical world, to place ourselves in harmony therewith. Behold the sun, attracting, digesting, and throwing off particles, to feed the planetary system. The planets travel with the rapidity of lightning, yet with such method that their situations can be calculated with certainty, for ages to come. The earth is seen moving with majestic beauty, and harmony around its center. The mineral kingdom is constantly throwing off particles, to feed the vegetable world. The vegetable deposits its germ in the earth, and attracts and assimilates kindred particles, until it becomes a sturdy oak, a towering pine, or a more lowly plant, bringing forth fruit in its season, and casting its seed into the earth in regular order. These all, from the lowest to the highest, by the process of attraction and assimilation, are preparing the material elements to feed and sustain the animal creation.

All animated nature is arranged in groups, series, and degrees, in one unbroken chain from the lowest to the highest; the lowest containing the undeveloped germ of all above, and the highest, the flower or perfection of all below. With what



beauty and harmony are these groups arranged! And shall not MAN, the flower or perfection of the whole, heed the voice of God speaking to him throughout all nature? Does not this lesson teach us how *we* may act harmoniously, with the rest of creation? Let us commence with the *germ*, and attract to ourselves kindred particles, which will arrange themselves in groups and series, from the lowest to the highest, according to *affinity*; the lowest containing the undeveloped germ of all above, and the highest, pervading and containing all that is below. Man the flower of the animal creation, whose roots rest in the ground, has a natural *right* to as much earth as is required to sustain him, as well as the air that he breathes. When we understand, acknowledge, and put in practice, this first or germinal principle of the unity of the race, we shall glide naturally and easily, up to the next plain. I may resume the consideration of this subject at some future time.

### THE DUTY OF PHYSICIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOM,  
BY EDWARD PALMER.

PHYSICIANS should be teachers of the Laws of Health. It is but a minor part of their business to prescribe for the sick. It is their duty to understand and teach others how to avoid the causes of disease. The great mass of mankind are not aware how much their health depends upon themselves. They are not sufficiently enlightened to know that disease, and death as it occurs, are unnatural. They do not perceive that all pain and suffering comes from some violation of the natural laws. They have yet to learn that they are the makers of their own bodies—blood, bone, sinew and muscle—and that they make these good or bad according to the material which they use, and the manner in which they carry on the process. Many have not yet learned that pure air is essential to the making of pure blood: indeed that blood cannot be made without it. For the fluid which is formed from the food, after it has passed from the stomach, is not blood until it has passed through the lungs, and received from the atmosphere a quantity of oxygen in exchange for the carbonic acid gas which is thrown off in the process of respiration.

These, and very many other matters, equally essential to the life, health, procreation and progress of mankind, should be taught as a primary part of common education—though they will at any rate, in the course of time, be instinctively known, through the inevitable law of spiritual, intellectual and physical development—but in the present state of society, the duty of imparting the needed information, legitimately devolves upon Physicians.

**ADVANTAGE OF ACTIVITY.**—As animal power is exhausted exactly in proportion to the time during which it is acting, as well as in proportion to the intensity of force exerted, there may often be a great saving of it by doing work quickly, although with a little more exertion during the time. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stair, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes, it will cost the first little more than a fourth part of the fatigue which it costs the second, because the exhaustion is in proportion to the time during which the muscles are acting. The quick mover may have exerted perhaps one-twentieth more force in the first instant to give his body the greater velocity, which was afterward continued, but the slow supported his load four times as long.—[Arnot's Elements of Physics.]

**EARLY RISING ON A FINE MORNING.**—We will here add that life never perhaps feels with a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one,) and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning.—[Leigh Hunt.]

### Choice Selections.

#### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—

What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
Would they unite,  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued

With kindling drops of loving-kindness,  
And Knowledge pour,  
From shore to shore,  
Light in the eyes of mental blindness.

All Slavery, Warfare, Lies, and Wrong,

All Vice and Crime might die together;  
And wine and corn  
To each man horn  
Be free as warmth in Summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,

The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
Might stand erect  
In self respect

And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,

And more than *this*, my suffering brother—  
More than the tongue  
E'er said or sung,

If men were wise and loved each other.

#### CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

THE following extract, from an article in the Boston "Voice of Industry," will be read with interest and profit, presenting as it does a brief sketch of the history and present condition of various co-operative societies that have arisen in this country and in Europe. The tendencies of the age are sufficiently indicated in the multiplication of these various co-operative bodies; and we look upon these movements with the more interest, and with the more hopefulness as to their success, because they are *perfectly natural*—a perfect out-birth of the exigencies of the times, and of the inventive powers of the human mind in its present state of development. Let the principles and tendencies of such movements receive due consideration; and let them be encouraged and acted upon in accordance with their merits. W.F.

In Europe, Co-operation has assumed various forms, and is making rapid progress in them all. The most important and the most hopeful of these, perhaps, is the Land Redemption organization of the English Chartists. This is an important, and thus far an eminently successful movement. Fergus O'Connor, now a member of the British House of Commons, is at the head of it. The society is called, we believe, the National Land Company. It was formed in 1845, for the purpose of accumulating, through a system of Co-operation, means to purchase from time to time such estates as may be for sale, at the wholesale price, and apportion them among the members of the Society, by lot, in two, three and four acre farms, at the same price. This plan finds great favor with the people. We learn from Howitt's Journal, that within two years a capital of upwards of £30,000 has been collected, and that two estates, on one of which, called O'Connorville, many families are located in the cottages, have already been purchased. Our limits will not permit us to give the details of this plan for the gradual Redemption of the Soil. We must notice briefly other Co-operative movements now in progress in Europe.

Co-operative Trading Societies, similar to our Protective Unions, exist in various parts of England; also organizations combining several distinct interests. The objects of one of them are thus stated in the People's Journal:

First: The accumulation of capital by means of pecuniary



contributions, and the profit on articles sold at the common store.

Secondly: The gradual employment of its members, for the benefit of themselves and the association.

Thirdly: The hire or purchase of land to enable the society to supply itself with the necessaries of life, and to become a self-supporting institution.

Club Houses, or Associative Homes, are becoming quite common in London and Paris, and are said to be entirely successful. The vast economies resulting from their common kitchens, wash-rooms, arrangements for warming and lighting the apartments, &c., together with the intellectual and social privileges afforded by their common parlors, halls, reading rooms, libraries and baths—in short, their immense superiority, in every aspect, over the isolated homes of the "common people," commend them at once to public favor, and it is not a matter of surprise to the observing and thoughtful that these institutions are now springing up in all parts of these great emporiums of Civilization. There is much in them that is hopeful. The Club House is perhaps the germ from which, by-and-by when the age is ripe for it, will spring, in all its beauty and splendor, the UNITARY PALACE of the Redeemed Societies of the Future.

Communism and Association, (as taught by the disciples of Charles Fourier,) which look to a complete system of Co-operation and Mutual Guarantees, are making rapid progress in France. The Communists propose to emigrate to this country, and found here a new State on Co-operative principles. In Germany, Switzerland, Poland, and other parts of Europe, Socialism, in a crude form, prevails extensively, but the Argus eyes of the "powers that be" are upon those who embrace it, and they can, at present, make no practical application of it to life.

We will merely enumerate here some of the most prominent of the older Co-operative Societies in this country, and then proceed to give, as we promised, a brief history of the Protective Union.

The oldest Co-operative Societies in this country are those of the Shakers. Some of these have been in operation forty or fifty years. Complete co-operation in labor and property, is one of the distinguishing features of these organizations.

Co-operative Communities of Germans exist at Economy, Penn., Zoar, Ohio, and Ebenezer, New York. That at Economy has been in existence forty years. It is now very wealthy and prosperous. That at Zoar has been in operation over twenty years. Its property, if divided, would give several thousand dollars to each man woman and child of the Society.

The Associationists (*Phalansterians*) have a Phalanx at Ceresco, Wisconsin, and another near Leedsville, N. J. Both of these have been in operation several years, and feel confident of complete success. They own extensive domains.

The Working Men's Protective Union is of very recent origin. Its history is brief, and may be told in a few words, but is full of interest to every friend of Progress.

The movement commenced in the Autumn of 1845, in the city of Boston. It grew out of the necessity, felt by some of the best friends of the Working Men's cause, of some material bond of Union among the Industrial Classes. It was seen to be impossible to introduce any system of complete co-operation at once, and it had been proved by sad experience that without a degree of unity in some material interest, no union of Working Men could be made either permanent or efficient.

Meetings of some five or six true friends of the Worker were held in the printing office of Mr. A. J. Wright, at No. 3 Water street, where the *Voice of Industry* is now printed. The matter was discussed nightly. Finally a Constitution was drawn up and adopted, and thus the first Union was formed. It commenced of course with little capital and no experience, and its commercial operations were, at first, by no means extensive. But its advantages were too obvious to be overlooked, and it was soon enabled to extend its operations. The progress of the movement was at first very slow. Division No. 2, Roxbury, was organized in March, 1846. The Supreme Division was organized January 27th, 1837. During the last year the progress has been more rapid, and there are now at least forty-five Divisions, embracing probably three thousand members. Such is the history, in miniature, of the Working Men's Protective Union.

## RELIGIOUS JOY.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

No doubt there is joy in the success of earthly schemes. There is joy to the miser as he satiates his prurient palm with gold: there is joy for the fool of fortune when his gaming brings a prize. But what is it? His request is granted; but leanness enters his soul. There is delight in feasting on the bounties of Earth, the garment in which God veils the brightness of his face; in being filled with the fragrant loveliness of flowers; the song of birds; the hum of bees; the sound of ocean; the rustle of the summer wind, heard at evening in the pine tops; in the cool running brooks; in the majestic sweep of undulating hills; the grandeur of untamed forests; the majesty of the mountain; in the morning's virgin beauty; in the maternal grace of evening, and the sublime and majestic pomp of night. Nature's silent sympathy—how beautiful it is.

There is joy, no doubt there is joy, to the mind of Genius, when thoughts burst on him as the tropic sun rending a cloud; when long trains of ideas sweep through his soul, as constellated orbs before an angel's eye; when sublime thoughts and burning words rush to the heart; when nature unveils her secret truth, and some great Law breaks, all at once, upon a Newton's mind, and Chaos ends in light; when the hour of his inspiration and the joy of his genius is on him, 'tis then that this child of Heaven feels a godlike delight. 'Tis sympathy with truth.

There is a higher and more tranquil bliss, when heart communes with heart; when two souls unite in one, like mingling dew-drops on a rose, that scarcely touch the flower, but mirror the heavens in their little orbs; when perfect love transforms two souls, either man's or woman's, each to the other's image; when one heart beats in two bosoms; one spirit speaks with a divided tongue; when the same soul is eloquent in mutual eyes—there is a rapture deep, serene, heartfelt and abiding in this mysterious fellow-feeling with a congenial soul, which put to shame the cold sympathy of Nature, and the ecstatic but short-lived bliss of Genius in his high and burning hour.

But the welfare of Religion is more than each or all of these. The glad reliance that comes upon the man; the sense of trust; a rest with God; the soul's exceeding peace; the universal harmony; the infinite Within; sympathy with the Soul of All—is bliss that words cannot portray. He only knows, who feels. The speech of a prophet cannot tell the tale. No: not if a seraph touch his lips with fire. In the high hour of religious visitation from the living God, there seems to be no separate thought; the tide of universal life sets through the soul. The thought of self is gone. It is a little accident to be a king or a clown, a parent or a child. Man is at one with God, and he is All in All. Neither the loveliness of nature; neither the joy of genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts, that make delicious music as they beat—neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God, so full of peace that prayer is needless. This deeper joy gives an added charm to the former blessings. Nature undergoes a new transformation. A story tells that when the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue it wakened music in that breast of stone. Religion does the same with nature. From the shining snake to the waterfall, it is all eloquent of God. As to John in the Apocalypse, there stands an angel in the sun; the seraphim hang over every flower; God speaks in each little grass, that fringes a mountain rock. Then even Genius is wedded to a greater bliss. His thoughts shine more brilliant, when set in the light of Religion. Friendship and Love it renders infinite. The man loves God when he loves his friend. This is the joy Religion gives; its perennial rest; its everlasting life. It comes not by chance. It is the possession of such as ask and toil, and toil and ask. It is withheld from none, as other gifts. Nature tells little to the deaf, the blind, the rude. Every man is not a genius, and has not his joy. Few men can find a friend that is the world to them. That triune sympathy is not for every one. But this welfare of Religion, the deepest, truest, the everlasting, the sympathy with God, lies within the reach of all his sons.



## THE LABORER.

BY R. S. S. ANDROSS.

Ar! stand erect! nor bend thy knee, nor bow,  
 But speak thine own free thoughts, and with an eye  
 Bold as an eagle's cleaving the bright sky,  
 Hold upward thy proud way! Oh, why should'st thou,  
 Whose iron arm hath made the mighty world  
 A realm of beauty, and subdued the wave,  
 O'er desert vales and mountain heights unfurled  
 The flag of Hope, why should'st thou like a slave,  
 Cringe to the nod of Pride, and bend thee low,  
 Even on the soil thy hand hath taught to bloom  
 As a fair garden; wherefore should'st thou so  
 Bow down, and shut thy soul as in a tomb?  
 Oh, stand erect! throw fetters off and ban,  
 And speak thine own free thoughts—thou art a MAN!

## THE TRUE ARTIST.

THE true artist devotes all the various energies of his mind and soul, and consecrates his whole life, to his chosen art. His whole existence is but one continual aspiration, one persevering endeavor, one long struggle after perfect excellence, in his peculiar vocation. All things in nature and in thought, in human life and in past experience, are rendered tributary to the one great purpose; upon which all the united powers of his being are concentrated. No sun that shines, no single star that glimmers in the evening sky, nor changing cloud, nor stream, nor tree, nor simplest flower, that does not give its share of beauty to aid, enrich, and stimulate the soul of the real artist. No gleam of beauty, no fleeting union of loveliness, no great and sublime event of the past, no striking incident of the present, that does not contribute something toward his beloved art. All literature, all thought, all science and history, pour their wealth into his intellectual coffers, and excite and urge him on toward perfection. If he would be true to his art, if he would be successful in its prosecution, he must not while away the hurrying hours in mere dreams and speculations, nor consume his life and waste his powers in only studying and inventing various theories of art, or in the mere discussion of abstract principles.

And so with the Religious Man—the Christian. All things in the Universe contribute to his religious growth, to his progress in a religious life. For *Religion is the great art of life*—the art of arts; and noble, worthy deeds, and a good life—the perfect life of Christ—is the grand object, the great and glorious work this divine art labors to effect; and the Religious Artist the Christian, the Good Man, uses all things but as means to this great end. The beauty and glory of Heaven and Earth whisper to him of the All-Good and the All-Fair; they thrill his soul with grateful joy, and call forth his love for their great Author. Nay, more than this—they inspire him with a loving spirit of beauty; and a desire after inward loveliness, after moral and spiritual excellence. From the records of human experience, and the daily events of life, he derives various instruction, encouragement and warning. He uses all thought, all science, all literature, not only in acquiring nobler and juster ideas of God and Truth, and of Duty, and a fuller knowledge of the great moral and spiritual principles whose application to life constitutes the beautiful art of Religion; but he employs all those varied means more especially in helping him to carry out and perfect his Art, in all its various details, in accomplishing the grand result of all religious culture, a good and holy life. With the true artist's keen perception of what is fair, he seeks after moral and spiritual beauty; and, with a like earnest devotion of spirit, he never rests, he is never satisfied till he has actualized his high ideal, till he has transformed himself into a perfect image of the heavenly beauty. He does not spend his time in mere religious theories and theological speculations, but he devotes himself to religious deeds; he labors with all the various energies of his nature to accomplish the work of a religious life. For the truest Theology is but the Science or the Philosophy of Religion.—[Richardson's Theology and Religion.]

## RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

WE cut the following from the editorial columns of the "Sunday Dispatch." It is a free utterance and truthful.—Ed.

THERE is no sensible unbeliever—if, indeed, a man of sense can be such—who does not see that religion, as its outward forms are decaying, is gaining new life in the hearts of the people. The shackles of sectarianism are falling off no doubt, but the true spirit of religion awakes to a purer life and a more energetic action. Men care less for creeds and churches—but they have a far more earnest faith in the great principles of their spiritual existence. Pulpits and catechisms are not held in the same reverence as formerly, but faith and charity are more cherished.

The tendencies of the age are all toward spiritualism. The inner or the upper life, existing with the worldly and actual, is more recognized than formerly, and less profaned—and it may be all the better that in this respect there is a greater independence of thought—less reliance upon an ordained priesthood, and a disposition to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling.

The greatest apparent religious movement of the day, is the elevation of the principles of the Church of Rome, and an infusion of liberality, through the present Sovereign Pontiff. The bigotries of Christendom seem to be fast dissolving, and there are indications that all men will soon reach a common platform of religious faith and feeling, in a higher plane than has as yet been trodden by any but the loftiest spirits of our race.

We shall do our part in this great work of harmonizing spiritual belief, and promoting universal charity. We can in no way more effectually aid the progress of humanity, than by unloosing the shackles of bigotry. Men must learn to respect their common nature in each other. This is a better virtue than self-respect. It is the difference between benevolence and pride. Every religious faith in the world is respectable—every man's religious feeling should be respected, because there is truth in every religious feeling and manifestation. When men respect each other, they will no longer persecute—sectarian controversies will cease, and all men will move on harmoniously, toward the higher life to which we all are destined.

## DISEASES CURED BY MAGNETISM.

A GENTLEMAN in Texas, has written to the Gazette of the Union, the following curious account of a man who practices Mesmerism for the relief of disease, in that region. The name of this man is James Lewis. He is about thirty-five years of age—below the ordinary size of men—is hair-lipped—rather low order of intellect, and entirely uneducated. He discovered by accident, many years since, that he possessed the power of allaying pain and removing diseases, by passing his finger over the part—long before he had ever heard of Mesmerism. He will not only relieve pain and disease, but will trace out and detect the seat of pain or disease. He uses principally the fore-finger of his right hand. When a patient applies to him he immediately passes his hand over him from head to foot, near the surface, but not touching the patient. If it is a local affection, as an ulcer, as soon as his finger comes near it, it shakes violently, and evidently involuntarily; he then makes repeated passes over the part with his finger, terminating each pass by suddenly jerking it off, which frequently gives the patient severe pain. He has cured a great many cases of neuralgia and rheumatism. The impression that he makes seems to be upon the nervous system, the allaying of nervous irritability. He has relieved some cases of blindness. He is now treating a case of blindness, well known to me, of four years standing, from Gutta Serena, or paralysis of the optic nerve, probably from debility—*amaurosis atonicus*. At the last accounts the young man's eyes had become sensitive to the light and quite sore. If he perseveres he will, doubtless, relieve him. His power seems to stimulate the restoring energies of the system to more intense activity, without inducing sleep; and thus he makes an impression on most diseases to which he applies it, though he frequently fails to effect a cure.



# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

### THE CONSERVATIVE PRESS.

THERE is no use in attempting to conceal the fact, that a cold and calculating conservatism is arraying itself against all progress of mind, and every effort which the world is making to throw aside its fetters, and to walk in the freedom of a new and holy light. On either hand is seen the exhibition of a hostile spirit, determined on yielding no part of that authority which a formal and unmerciful theology, sustained by monstrous assumptions of power, has assumed and maintained for ages over the race. A vitiated system of social and political organization presents an array of equal talent and ingenuity, directed to the support of existing evils.

Deriving their sustenance from the very disorders of the social system, and depending for their power and influence on the wide-spread ruin of man's hopes and liberties, the conservators of present wrongs and superstitions, feel that their only hope for the perpetuation of their authority depends on the pertinacity with which they exclude all invasive philanthropy and mental illumination.

We are led to these reflections by the spirit manifested by a portion of the religious and secular press, in regard to the Revolution which has lately taken place in France. The hope of the patriot and philanthropist has been more than realized, and that without violence. A revolution without anarchy, a subversion of what was regarded one of the most powerful monarchies in the world, by the fraternization of the soldiery with the people, has been effected. And what might we expect of a republican and *Christian* press! Should it not respond to the sentiments of congratulation, so enthusiastically bursting from the hearts of the American people! In most instances, indeed, it has; but there are those with a position to sustain, in church or state, false as the position of kings, equally detrimental to the enjoyments of man's rights, and the progress of mental growth and freedom. Such see nothing in it of hope, for what they call religion, or the stability of the particular social institutions which sustain them. A cry of a similar nature from the conservative religious and political press, is therefore raised; that "revolutions are dangerous," that "Religion must be allowed its prerogative of law, and secure submission to the powers that be, or its sanctions are nugatory and its authority destroyed."

We would not awaken too sanguine hopes respecting the stability of what has been gained in France. By some misdirection it may be changed to evil; but thus far, it has unfolded humane and moral forces, and a sacred regard for the life and happiness of man, far more holy than anything we see exhibited in the methods of State or Church management on this side the water. Indeed, we see the conservative action of each, directed towards bringing back, if possible, the tyranny of olden time, when kings were the keepers of men's bodies, and the priests the guardians of men's souls. In such a condition, it is not wonderful that any event, calculated to emancipate the masses of the old world, should be looked upon with disfavor by them. It must have its effect to stimulate the mind to action here; and that is dangerous to the existence of whatever rests upon the basis of ignorance and inactivity. But can they think to win the confidence of the public mind in this way? or are we to regard it as an indication of that madness which the gods infuse into those they would destroy?

Religion has a law, and law has a sacredness; but the law of true religion is a "Law of Love," of Freedom; and he who enjoys it, has first entered "the perfect law of liberty;" whose "sanctions" are only such as the largest love of humanity will approve; and whose highest object is to secure inviolate every

natural right. This, however, is not the religion or law that is held so sacred by the conservatism of To-day. Those are only prized for the authority and power they confer upon the few. We would, however, suggest that humanity has suffered long enough from the thralldom of an arbitrary rule, in politics and religion; and that, if the dignitaries of Church or State would retain the respect of mankind, they must pursue some other course. The pretext of regard for Law or Piety, will not justify the unprincipled opposition manifested against every movement fraught with hope to man. To be revered, they must no longer be arrayed against the spiritual and social progress of the race toward light and liberty; nor be allowed to assume a hostile attitude to that spirit of charity and universal brotherhood which is the genius of this age, though not as yet embodied in its institutions.

J. K. I.

### PROGRESS IN CINCINNATI.

LIFE, Thought and Action at the West are of an intense and energetic character. The western Mind seems to have caught the free spirit and vitality of Nature in her virgin purity and grace. The leaven of spirituality and progress is infusing itself into the churches, the parties, the various benevolent organizations, and through the fabric of the entire social state. The age of sectarianism and materialism is evidently passing away, and the spirit of Jesus, the life of the Divine Humanity, is developing the innate grandeur of human character there in a high degree. In out-of-the-way hamlets in Ohio, utterly unknown, even by name, to us at the East, are to be found men and women who have outgrown religious fanaticism—outgrown all of the partial and one-sided movements of the time, and who are waiting for the Church of the Future, whose creed shall be Truth, whose life Love, whose sacrament good works, and whose form social as well mental unity.

I was deeply interested, in particular, in the hopeful signs of Progress and Life in Cincinnati, moved by the character, labors and views of the various free spirits in that growing city. Perhaps it may not be unadvisable to give a hasty sketch of some of the more prominent men and movements to whom my attention was directed while there.

The pulpit, usually so lifeless and conservative, is not without its use in Cincinnati. Two of our finest and most spiritual men occupy there, eminent positions as teachers of Religion. Rev. T. H. Stockton, so well known for his affectionateness and purity of character, and for his endeavors in the cause of Christian Union, is at present the pastor of the Independent Wesleyan Church. Whatever may be thought of some of his peculiar views, no one can question the boldness, eloquence, and conscientious fidelity with which he battles the selfish conservatism of the day; labors to lift his people to spirituality in sentiment and integrity of life; attacks sin and pride, whether in high places or in low, and toils to educate men for usefulness and happiness here and hereafter. Rev. J. H. Perkins, less known perhaps, but equally deserving of the reputation which is due to moral excellence, occupies the desk of the Unitarian Church. Standing in the place once occupied by the younger Channing, he seems imbued with his calm, chaste eloquence, his earnestness of purpose, and his continual desire and effort for Human Redemption. These two men, Stockton and Perkins, need no vote of a council to make them Christians, no laying of hands to consecrate them as teachers of spiritual things. They carry their credentials in what they say, and do, and are. From them flows out a current of practical religion, which must and will be felt.

The Reformers, of the Associative School, are doing a sure, though silent work. Through their influence many of the noblest minds are beginning to see the necessity of the re-organization of society, and to weigh the best mode of effecting it. Messrs. Urner, Donaldson, and others like them, "fit though few," have done and are doing much "to prepare the way." A series of lectures were given by Mr. John Allen, during the last winter, which were well attended, and excited profound interest, especially among the laboring and productive classes. About a hundred members have been added, recently, to the



"Union" there, and the work is spreading with a slowness, yet sureness, which guarantees a final success. What the western mind needs is positive science. Reformers there need a knowledge of the working method by which their many true ideas may be put into actual practice. They who are engaged in supplying this primary necessity, are engaged in a most important work, which all must feel the value of, and which shall elevate many minds in the Future to harmony and happiness.

The Land Question is exciting a deep feeling in the masses of the people. Ohio has felt the curse of Land Monopoly to a far greater extent than is commonly known. The Land Reformers are not men of one idea merely; they contemplate an extension of the principle of distributive justice over a broader field than that indicated by their name. Scouted and hooted at in the beginning, by capitalists and party men, the idea of the freedom of the public domain, and the inalienability of the homestead, has made a deep impression upon the popular mind, and must, ere long, become a portion of our social system. I did not form a very extensive acquaintance with the gentlemen engaged in advocating this cause in Cincinnati, but saw and learned enough to satisfy me that they are men who command the confidence of the people, and are working with energy and with the true spirit also.

Cincinnati has been, during the last few years, the theater of a most earnest effort for the moral and mental elevation of the colored population of our country. Hiram S. Gilmore, a gentleman of large income and a larger heart, deeply interested in whatever is of practical usefulness to man, has devoted a large share of his wealth and time, for some years past, to this cause. He has established a high school for their benefit, where a thorough and systematic course of education is given to all who are disposed to avail themselves of its advantages. Some of the ablest and most thoroughly educated young colored men in the west, are beneficiaries of Mr. G. The moral tone and social position of this class of people has been greatly elevated by his noiseless and persevering labors.

The various systems of guaranteeism—Odd-Fellowship, the Sons of Temperance, and kindred organizations—are very powerful, and enlist the great mass of abler and younger men. The social character of the western mind predisposes the masses to band together in those organizations which minister to the social, combined with the self-protecting and benevolent impulses. Some thousands of strong minded men are engaged in these movements, and society is evidently in a transition state from Universal Antagonism to Universal Unity.

But, more than anything else in Cincinnati, I was impressed by the men, ideas and purposes of the Universal Brotherhood. Some three years since, a number of very earnest and deep thinking men, occupying all points of view, from Materialism to Methodism, met together for the purpose of investigating the great social and spiritual problems which divide and distract the world. After profound study, they have gradually harmonized in sentiment—grown up into that high Spiritual Christianity which stretches far beyond the limits of dogmatic creed and formula, and which unites on one broad platform the pure and good out of all systems and sects. I design to write more at length upon the mode by which they have arrived at unity, and the evidences on which they predicate their belief, and shall say no more of them at present, save that they are now engaged in considering the Social as they have the Religious question, and with every probability of arriving at the same cheering result. Let the sectarian cease to assert that there can be no unity without an external and arbitrary creed to compel it. Here we have seen a company of strong-minded, truth-loving men, commence with every variety of opinion, and grow up, at last, as the result of research and development, into Religious Unity. The whole Christian world may learn from their success a necessary lesson; even this, that they who follow after wisdom, with pure hearts and free minds, shall grow up, at last, into certainty and knowledge. They who commence with unity of spirit shall attain, at length, to unity of faith.

There is no church in Cincinnati, from the Catholic to the Universalist, which is not influenced by the spirit of Jesus, the spirit of Moral Progression, and of Humanitary Reform. The

old parties, based on the obsolete formulas of the past, are beginning to pass away, and the motto "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," ringing eloquent across the Atlantic, is rousing men to a warfare, whose weapons shall be moral power, and whose object shall be the regeneration of the race. The people, ruled hitherto by plotting demagogues, begin to recognize their true leaders in men of catholic spirit, moral greatness, and disinterested aim. Let us hear the voice of Progress that comes to us here from the manly souls of the Queen City of the West.

T. L. H.

## LEGEND OF ATLANTIS OR NEW WORLD.

"Of the New World in the other hemisphere, a trace unquestionably is to be found in antiquity in the good legend of the island of Atlantis. The general description of this island, as equal in extent to both Asia and Africa together, agrees remarkably with the size of America. But the fable contains the additional circumstance that having existed in the Western Ocean in very ancient times, it was subsequently swallowed up by the waves. From this circumstance I am led to infer that the legend did not, as is generally supposed, owe its origin to Phœnician navigators, who, even if it be true that they did succeed in sailing around Africa, most assuredly never ventured so far westward. Like so much beside that is equally good and grand, and indeed far grander, the main fact of the legend seems to be derived from an original tradition from the primeval times, when unquestionably man was far better acquainted with his whole habitation of this earth than in the days of the infant and imperfect science of Greece, or even of the more advanced and enlightened antiquity. A vague traditional notion of its existence lived on from generation to generation. But afterward, when even the Phœnician sailors, however far they penetrated into the wide ocean, were unable to give any precise information about, or adduce any proof of the fact; the hypothesis was advanced, and finally added to the tradition, that the island had been swallowed up by the sea."—[Schlegel's Philosophy.]

The opinion of the author of the above extract, concerning the origin of the fable of Atlantis, remarkably agrees with the account given in "Nature's Divine Revelations," of the condition of the earth and its inhabitants before the flood, and of the events which followed that catastrophe. The statement of Mr. Davis bearing upon the subject, may be briefly summed up as follows:

Previous to the flood, the Pacific Ocean did not exist in its present form. The bed which it now occupies, (especially within the tropical regions,) was an extended valley but partially covered with water; and by following narrow strips of land the inhabitants of Asia, (where man was first brought into being) could travel to what subsequently became defined as the American Continent. Besides those settled in the habitable portions between the two present continents, three small and inferior tribes had become established within the borders of North America as it now is; and these were the stock from which sprang the North American Indians as subsequently discovered. A superior nation, originating from a nation in the South of Europe, had, by means of navigation and land passages now covered by the Atlantic, become established in the localities at present known as Yucatan, Mexico and portions now covered by the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea. The convulsions accompanying the flood, (the nature and causes of which are explained,) established the local geography of the earth about as it now is, destroying the inhabitants existing upon portions of land now covered by the seas, leaving the Pacific Isles and other portions still projecting, and preserving the inhabitants dwelling upon them at the time. Subsequently many families of the enlightened nation in Central America, navigated the Atlantic, and wandering along the northern border of Africa, a portion of them finally settled in Egypt, and another portion in India. From these, Eastern Asia, Greece, Spain, Gaul, Britain, &c., &c., became peopled. Plato derived his information as to the existence of the Island called Atlantis, from the *Egyptian Priests*. This Island was described as being larger than Asia



and Africa taken together. It is well known that the Priests of Egypt preserved all the learning of their nation; and admitting the account of Mr. Davis, we may easily conceive that the tradition of Atlantis was handed down through the priests from the original inhabitants of Egypt, who had migrated from Central America.

W. F.

### IMPORTANCE OF ACTION.

An organic law requires that all the powers of the body be properly exercised. Health and strength are found in *action*, not in ease. Without suitable exercise, the organs of the body would gradually lose their power and their appropriate functions would be inadequately performed. When this is the case, the consequences are weakness of the muscular system, nervous irritability, and a fearful train of diseases incident to a life of inactivity. There is an indissoluble connection between the offense and its appropriate punishment. The penalty has a special and definite relation to the nature of the transgression. Let muscular motion be suspended, and in one year, the strong arm would become weak and powerless. For this infringement of the law, the offender would probably be deprived of the use of his limbs, a penalty corresponding to the nature of his demerits.

The same is true of the mind. Exercise is necessary to the proper development of its powers. All the faculties become strong and vigorous by being suitably employed. This is an organic law of the mind, and it operates as invariably as those that relate to the body. As exercise is necessary to the perfection of our powers, whether of body or mind, so it is likewise the secret of success in every enterprise. Obedience to this law is ever rewarded with physical strength and intellectual energy, and every violation is punished with bodily weakness and mental imbecility.

The mind is exercised in the production of thought and feeling. It soars above the eagle's flight, and, from the dizzy eminence, descends to the unmeasured depths below. It was by the exercise of these powers, that Homer and Shakspeare gained the loftiest height of imagination. Thus, Franklin traversed the region where the storms gather; the tempest was his pavilion—the dark clouds were his chariot, and the wing-ed lightnings were in his grasp. In this manner, too, Newton was prepared to unfold to the world the sublime mysteries of Nature, when

"All her works lay hid in night."

It is evident that man is rewarded or punished as he acts in harmony with, or in opposition to, the laws of his being. It is a fact, that our condition of pleasure or pain is made to depend upon the exercise of our powers. When wisely exerted, they are so many springs of happiness, uninterrupted and ever new. The world appears beautiful and glorious to such a man. He sees the impartial benevolence of God in the sun and in the rain—in the green earth and the crystal waters—the winds whisper of Him—the pale moon-light is a dim reflection of his glory, and the distant stars appear to his vision like the soft eyes of angel sentinels, that watch over the slumbering world. All Nature smiles before him, and her ten thousand voices penetrate the lone depths of the spirit,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie,  
The hidden soul of harmony."

S.E.B.

### "CHRISTIAN RATIONALIST."

"THE CHRISTIAN RATIONALIST AND THEOLOGICAL REFORMER."  
A Weekly Journal, Published by Rev. W. M. Fernald, 40 Cornhill, Boston, Mass, \$2 per annum, in advance.

We hail the appearance of this spirited sheet—a collaborer with us in the broad field of Christian Progress—with feelings of unalloyed delight. We notice articles in its columns from Revs. Theodore Parker, James Richardson, jr., T. W. Higginson, and other eminent teachers of a Rational and Spiritual Christianity. Bro. Fernald, whose able articles in our own sheet have received profound attention, is qualified in every way for his new position. Truth has nothing to fear from investigation. The absolute

Religion taught by Christ and rooted in Nature, will never lose its hold upon the human soul: divested through means like these of the falsities which formalists and sectarians have cast around it, it shall win its way into the hearts of the entire Human Race. Let those who pin their faith on authority and tradition, tremble at movements like this—for they have reason to do so. The sand-bar on which they rest must be swept away by the ocean tides of discovery and evidence. But let the Christ-like man rejoice, for his faith shall come out, gold thrice refined, from the fire that consumes the dross. Bro. Fernald must meet with ample support in his enterprise. We shall be happy to co-operate with, and assist him as far as we are able.

### "THE LANDMARK."

This is the title of a new Weekly Journal devoted to the cause of Land Reform. It is designed to advocate a change in our legal system which shall prevent the Public Domain from falling into the hands of speculative monopolists—limit the number of acres to be possessed by the individual, and at the same time, guarantee the inviolability of the Homestead; distribute the people's land, hitherto unappropriated, among actual settlers, and thus secure homes for all. The Editor, J. K. Ingalls, is a gentleman of clear intellect, high character and great energy, who has been actively engaged as well as deeply interested in the cause of Human Progress. He will doubtless publish an interesting as well as instructive periodical, commended to public attention not only by great truths clearly and forcibly expressed, but by the calm and catholic spirit in which they will be spoken. Published weekly, at \$1 per annum, for the "National Reform Association," by J. K. Ingalls, at 235 Broadway, N. Y.

### THE COLONNADE SCHOOL; WILLIAMSBURG, LONG ISLAND.

THE semi-annual Rehearsal of this flourishing Institution came off a few evenings since. The compositions were all of a high order; and though we cannot here speak of their individual merits, they generally gave evidence of that intellectual progress which is so cheering to those who are interested in the natural development and the ultimate destiny of the Race.

The grand performance of the evening was a *DRAMA*, which was written expressly for the occasion, and which went off with great *eclat*. And, notwithstanding the difficulty which must attend all purely allegorical compositions, the writer has succeeded in investing the subject with a human interest, that went home to the heart. We have been permitted to give the Drama to our readers entire; and, therefore, need not speak farther of its merits, as they will be sufficiently apparent to those who are interested in the histrionic art, as embodying some fine spiritual truths, and a high and beautiful tone of feeling and sentiment.

Good taste and discrimination were perceptible in the musical part of the entertainment, and the whole performance was extremely interesting and impressive.

We cannot too highly recommend this school to the attention and patronage of our friends, who have daughters to be educated. Mrs. DODGE, the Principal, by the purity of her character, her uniform kindness and maternal solicitude, is eminently qualified to secure the ardent affection of the pupil, and the entire confidence of the parent. The *YOUNG LADIES*, to whose direct superintendence the several departments are entrusted, are fitted by their intellectual, moral, and spiritual refinement, to make the most beautiful and enduring impressions on the susceptible mind of childhood and youth.

The Colonnade School combines many advantages. Should any of our friends desire further information, they may address

S. B. BRITTON, Univercœlum Office.

☞ S. S. J., of St. Charles, Ill., is informed that we had to pay fifty cents discount on the money he sent. We have credited to your account \$1.50.

GREATNESS may build the tomb, but goodness must have the epitaph.



## Original Poetry.

## TO MARY.

BY FANNY GREEN.

O, BEAUTIFUL beyond the power of human skill to trace,  
For an angel of the heart, and soul, is living in thy face—  
Is looking out in every beam of thy dark, glorious eyes,  
Which, in their splendor, rival far, the night of polar skies;  
Yet lives within that earnest eye, a deep, impassioned thought,  
And all of woman's destiny is with its shadowing wrought—  
The love—the hope—the fond belief—that will not—cannot—see  
Upon a fair, outstretching hand, the stain of treachery;  
With all of woman's tenderness—and all of woman's pride—  
When her insulted majesty may gather back its tide  
To the full heart which, then, reveals its hidden depth of scorn,  
Of strong, indignant Womanhood, and injured Feeling, born!—  
By this, alone, we understand the mystery of thy birth,  
And dare to love, and welcome thee, a daughter of our Earth—  
But for these traces it would seem a sacrilege to bind  
With the flowery bonds of human love thy fair, angelic mind;  
But now we take thee to our heart a human-angel guest—  
Feeling, the while we bless thee, ourselves supremely blest.

Yet not because thy outward form is made so wondrous fair,  
And not for all the beauty of that richly clustering hair,  
Clingeth my heart so fondly, and so closely, unto thee,  
That I reach my being's fulness, but in unity with thee.  
It is th' outbeaming spirit, which I now so clearly trace,  
Beneath its earth-wrought drapery—that form of light and  
grace—

Which, with a sweet attraction, from that all-blessed hour  
When first we met, hath bound me with a strong fraternal  
power.

My Spirit-Sister, not because of thy external charms,  
But for thy truth and purity, I stretch to thee my arms—  
I bless thee with a blessing, which, still, must vainly seek,  
In cold unmeaning language, its fervid thought to speak—  
I love thee with a love, that finds no utterance in words,  
But would break forth into singing, like affections of the birds!

I look at thee, beloved one, from eyes all dim with tears;  
For I see upon thy spreading wing the light of other spheres—  
That, like a halo, bends above thy softly arching brow,  
And, with a glory not of earth, is radiating now;  
And yet—O, selfish that we are!—my clinging love would chain  
thee—

And from the land of Higher Thought, a little while detain thee;  
Until thy fair young Genius shall have reached its noontide  
power,

And to this favored time bequeathed its rich and glorious dower;  
Until its fullest strength shall wake within thy plastic hand—  
To summon forth the Mysteries so beautiful and grand,  
That rest within the shadowy light of thy dark-beaming eyes,  
Unfolding in the midst of Earth, the wings of Paradise;  
Until thy pencil can portray the pictures that are shrined,  
Living and glowing, in the depths of thy refulgent mind;  
Until thy lyre can murmur forth its sweetest, tenderest song—  
When the blushing Angels of the Flowers around thy spirit  
throng,

Pouring their liquid numbers upon the charm-ed ear,  
In strains so sweetly solemn, 'tis both joy and grief to hear.  
While plodding through our earth-ways, we feel that thou wert  
given,

To cheer our dull way-faring with the thrilling songs of Heaven.

Beloved, when these varied powers, in full perfection wrought,  
May go forth on the burnished wings of thy electric thought,  
To scatter blessings far abroad, O, then, thy sweetest name,  
Graven with blessings on the heart, shall live, in peerless fame—  
And thus, with all thy glorious gifts—thy beauty and thy truth,  
Thou shalt win the crown of Wisdom to the sunny brow of youth.  
Thy mission thus accomplished—with a wing that cannot tire,  
Thou shalt rise through all the spiral—pressing on for ever—  
“higher.”

## Miscellaneous Department.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

## CHAPTER VII.

In a short time Cornelius was so far restored, as to be able to walk up to the village; and proceeding directly to the largest and best of the wigwams, whither he had been told the young girl was carried, he found her in a yet insensible state. She was reclining on a mat of fur, and beside her sat a young Indian girl, the only sister of Mongotucksee, who, fortunately, was on a visit to her friends at that place. The gentle Faunie, who was hardly less fair and beautiful than herself, was chafing her hands and wrapping her in furs.

Cornelius approached her, timidly and reverently. He laid a hand on her heart, and found that there was a very faint and quivering motion. By this time the Commandant arrived. He had, in his youth, paid some attention to the study of medicine; and, even then, considered himself quite a leech. He requested the Indians to withdraw, and leave only a few squaws to attend the patient. He then proceeded to prepare a warm bath. This was done by filling a small canoe with cold water, and throwing into it red hot stones, which, fortunately, they had in the fire. When this was ready, the Commandant directed the nurses how to proceed in the operation, and then withdrew.

The bath relaxed the muscular system of the patient so much that they were able to open her jaws—and after she was taken out, wrapped in furs, and laid upon a mat, Cornelius was permitted to come in with some rum, their only restorative, which he had been to procure from their stores, which were deposited in the cave. This liquor being mixed with hot water, they succeeded in forcing a portion of the composition into her mouth; when they joyfully perceived that she swallowed. Then there was a strong action of the chest; and a deep respiration followed.

“Thank God, she lives indeed!” exclaimed the youth, kneeling by her side, and again chafing her cold hands; “but, oh! how fearfully this tender frame has been shaken!”

Slowly and languidly, she opened her large deep blue eyes; and, seeing all those strange dark faces around her, she quickly reclosed them, as if to shut out the consciousness of painful truths she was then unable to struggle with; but, as she did so, she murmured: “Ah, mon Dieu! where am I?”

Faunie, who, from her superior gentleness and refinement, as well as the intuitive delicacy of her character and feelings, was well fitted to become the companion and nurse of the gentle stranger, was at her side in a moment. Kneeling down there, she took her hand, and spoke to her, so gently—so kindly—and with such a delicate apprehension of her wants, and her emotions, that the young girl once more opened her eyes; and when she fixed them upon those large dark liquid orbs, that were bending upon her with such an expression of deep-thrilling earnestness, she felt the power of that fraternity which Nature has established between kindred spirits—and which no circumstance of caste, or clime, or color, may annihilate, or wholly overthrow. Though she understood never a word which Faunie had uttered, yet the musical tones pervaded her heart with their diffusive balm; and she understood and responded to the truthful language of the eyes. The stranger made a feeble effort to lift her hands. The Young Fawn perceiving the attempt, bowed herself down, and clasping her soft arms about her, drew the head of the girl to her bosom; and then the gentle stranger wept—long and bitterly: for a whole age of sorrow had been compressed into the history of the few past days; and it had lain upon her breast with a weight that almost crushed the life out of her. But now the great load was melting away, and she was relieved; though the agitation shook her so fearfully, it seemed almost doubtful whether she could sustain the shock. But after the storm of tears had gone by, there was a calm, which she had not known for many days. Then she fell into a quiet and placid sleep; and the gentle-eyed Faunie sat quietly down beside her.

During this time Argall, for our readers may have anticipated the rescued captain's name, had sent several messengers to the



wigwam, to inquire after his captive, the beautiful Emilie, whom he had taken in his late expedition against Port Royal. And while she was asleep he came in himself; for he had been well refreshed with a good fire, and an excellent supper; and, moreover, hearing that the storm was gone by, and his ship, having sustained but slight injury, had risen with the tide, and was already got off into the channel, he was in excellent humor. He was sitting near her, as were also the Commandant and Cornelius, when she awoke. As soon as her eyes rested on the face of Argall, she uttered a piercing shriek; and, springing forward, she clung to the Commandant's knees, crying out: "O, save me! save me from that man! that wicked, blood-stained man!"

It happened that no one save Argall and Cornelius understood the French language, in which she spoke. The latter hurriedly explained the meaning of her words to his father, whose really paternal heart expanded toward the fair Emilie; and, laying a hand on her brow, he looked, and spoke to her kindly, though she understood not what he said.

"Upon my word, she was the shyest little thing I ever saw," said Argall, with affected indifference; "and it quite surprises me that she should take such liberties with a perfect stranger; for she would not let me so much as touch her hand, though I have been as devotedly sensible of her beauty, as the youngest and most ardent of her admirers. And how she is excited, too! Upon my honor, up to this time she has appeared meek and passive as a lamb." These words were purposely spoken in French, that they might be understood by Emilie; and the manner in which they were uttered conveyed to the minds, even of those who did not comprehend the language in which he spoke, the whole revolting story of his feelings and intentions toward the unprotected girl. But she seemed to gather almost superhuman strength; for the heart in its healthy state always makes an effort to match the force that is brought against it. Her form dilated with an expression of utter disgust and scorn. Under the strong stimulus of these feelings she arose; and in the beautiful pride of injured womanhood, she answered her captor.

"Monsieur Argall, the blood of my nearest kin is on your soul. I demand the life of my mother at your hands. Until they are washed white from this foul stain, insult me not with the light words of flattery—degrade me not, by the proffer of a shameless and wanton love."

"Ah, my beauty, you talk very finely; but remember, my gentle dove, you are a prisoner of war! These good people all know what that is, and will respect the rights of a conqueror." He graciously bowed round; and then added: "or if they do not, we have the means to detain and hold you, spite of your flippant tongue, and oily softness. So calm yourself, pretty one, and thank your patron saint that you have fallen into no worse hands."

For a moment she turned deadly pale, and it seemed as if she were going to fall; but with the re-action of her feelings, the crimson torrent swept back again; and an indescribable glory throned itself in her dark eyes. Perceiving that Cornelius was the only one who understood her language, she now addressed herself exclusively to him. She told him how she had left France, with a company of missionaries, for the purpose of planting a colony, instructing the heathen, and unfolding to them the treasures of the blessed gospel. She told him of all the beautiful hopes that clustered around this enterprise—how they had come to Mount Desert, and planted there the holy cross—that around it savages were already flocking, calling for the living waters—while anointed priests broke the bread of life in their midst. But hardly had they got themselves planted when this man had come there—dispersed their people, and plundered them of all they possessed. She herself, and two or three more, had escaped, and taken refuge in Port Royal. They were just beginning to feel anew the sacred and endearing links of home, when Argall had returned, and finished his work of dispersion, robbery and murder. Her own mother was said to have been badly wounded, and it was supposed she had fallen a victim to the diabolical spirit of the man who was now degrading her by a proffer of that blood-stained hand; and she knew not, indeed, whether it might be in honorable marriage. She would die first. She could submit to torture—the rack—any thing, rather than that!

She looked pleadingly round. She stretched forth her arm imploringly. "Is there any one here," she cried, "who has a sister—a daughter—a wife that he loves—let him have regard to the rights of an injured woman! Let him save me! Save me!" she repeated with increasing energy; and again falling prostrate on the ground, she clung to the Commandant's knees.

There was something in these actions that went far toward explaining themselves; but Mongotucksee, who had stood back with his arms folded on his breast, a silent but not uninterested spectator, took Cornelius by the hand, and drew him aside for further explanation, which was briefly given.

"Would she trust herself with us," was his reply; "a hundred Indians would stand ready, at a moment's warning, to assist in carrying her off; and a thousand strong warriors could, in a few hours, be gathered for her defense. There is a single wigwam in the heart of a thick swamp, a few miles to the north. We can carry her there, and she will be safe."

"But we are both so young; and I much fear our fathers are too prudent to be implicated in such a matter," said Cornelius, his modest cheek reddening with shame, at his conscious unfitness for the office of protector.

"Yet," answered Mongotucksee, laying a hand on his heart, "we are true. Let us not look upon her as a woman, but a fellow creature in distress; and then, my brother, we cannot do wrong. The Young Fawn shall go with her; and there are aged squaws to fill the place of guardian and mother."

"Let us leave her to decide," returned Cornelius; "but first I will try to win over my father;" and with that they returned to the wigwam. Pressing through the crowd, which had already begun to gather, they advanced to the side of Emilie, where Argall sat, with all the serenity of a bashaw, smoking his pipe, while the poor girl was wringing her hands and weeping, in a state of almost frantic grief.

The young chief, placing himself directly before her, mentioned to Cornelius, who was more bashful, because embarrassed by the conventional forms of civilization, to come forward and explain his words; or rather arrange with her in what manner the whole proceeding should be conducted. But quickly recovering himself, the young man addressed his father in Dutch, which Argall fortunately did not understand; though, in spite of his seeming indifference, he caught something of the spirit of the scene.

Cornelius explained all that he had learned of the relative positions of the parties. He laid before him the plan of Mongotucksee. He plead most eloquently that his father would give it the sanction of his authority. He was, in fact, too eloquent. The crafty old man shook his head. "Bad scheme," he said, "very bad. Boys—nothing but boys!"

"But if we are boys," returned Cornelius, proudly, "we yet respect virtue; and it is because we do so that we would save it from pollution. And tell me, father, if your daughter—our dear departed Katrine—were in her place, with which party would you rather trust her—yonder hardened, obscene, blood-stained villain, who can boast the single advantage of superior age, or with two young men like us?"

The name of his departed daughter softened the heart of the Commandant. He wiped the gathering moisture from his eyes, but did not immediately reply.

"Besides," continued Cornelius, following up the advantage he saw he had obtained, "Faunie will go with her; and she will be under the care of mature and discreet squaws; who, you know, father, are Spartans in virtue."

"I know you say so, boy!" returned the other, with an emphasis somewhat beyond the equivocal. "Such an old fellow as I can hardly have a chance to know. Bad for boys—very bad,"—he shook his head—"to be trusted—or trust themselves too far—'Lead us not into temptation,' is the very best of prayers."

The selfishness of the wily old Dutchman revived again. "Impossible, my son," he said, after reflecting a moment; "such a measure would involve us in certain destruction. Do you not know," he added in a lower voice, and with a sly glance at Argall, "that this is the very man whose approach we have been so long looking for with apprehension? Fortunately he has found us here. If you do anything of the kind you propose, a



search will be instituted, and our settlement may be discovered. Then our furs, and all our possessions, will be taken away—our submission enforced—and our trade monopolized.” As he uttered this, he struck his heavy silver-headed cane upon the ground—a form of expression he was wont to use whenever his authority stood back on itself—and which generally made a significant period, or full stop, to every contested point.

But for once it failed. “Suppose,” said Cornelius, with unprecedented obstinacy, for he generally yielded to the supreme law of his father’s will, when it did not conflict with his own conscience; but now a paramount principle was aroused in his bosom. “Suppose, father,” he continued, “that yonder helpless girl was Katrine herself. Would you put her innocence—nay, her happiness and comfort—in the scale against any amount of furs—any amount of money—or any privilege, or right, which the whole English nation has power to give, or take away? Look at her, father. Is she not as young, as fair, as innocent, as your own child; and if she has neither father or brother here to protect and defend her, should not we enter into those relations, seeing that God has, this night, given her life into our hands!”

This was a home thrust; and the bare allusion to the late danger of his son, shook the Commandant as no other earthly thought could. Yet he struggled against these feelings; and after a short silence, whispered: “Be cautious, boy! be prudent!”

“Would you have caution and prudence pleaded, father, if she were your child? and is it doing as you would be done by, to stand in the way of her escape? But, father,” he continued, in a feeling manner, “say only that you sanction the movement! Let me offer her the pledge of your countenance and protection, and the Indians of Mongotucksee will guard her to a place of retreat, wholly beyond the reach of yonder smooth and cold-eyed villain.

The young chief, from his considerable knowledge of the Dutch, had comprehended the most of this discussion.

Planting himself in a proud attitude, directly in front of the Commandant, he said, “Mongotucksee cannot ask the Len-nappe\* whether his hand and his hatchet shall be true to the voice that speaketh in his soul. The chain of peace is strong between the Montauk and his white brother; but if you stretch it too hard it will snap in two.”

Then turning to Cornelius he said: “Speak to her, brother. Tell her the Indians of Mongotucksee are ready to guard her with a hundred tomahawks; and if her voice is heard calling for help, a thousand warriors will stand out ready for her defense. If she will go to our wigwam, she shall be sacred as an angel from the fair South-West. Mongotucksee will plant himself by the door; and whoever comes to do her harm, may reach her only through his heart’s blood. Brother, I have done.”

The Commandant found himself in a sad dilemma, occupying a point seemingly equi-distant between Scylla and Charibdis. If he offended the Englishman, his company would be dispersed, his stores plundered, and his station occupied by a foreign power; while, on the other hand, any opposition to Mongotucksee would involve instant annihilation. He very well knew that he could not break friendship with the Indians; and, moreover, from the increasing impotence of the old chief, and the rising popularity and superior force of his son, who was the idol of his tribe, it would be wholly useless to oppose any measure upon which he was determined; so, making a merit of necessity, he conceded the point as gracefully as he was able to do, in the trying position he occupied.

“It is well, my son,” he said. “You have acted with the spirit of a true Brave. Go, and do what may seem best to be done.”

With the natural diffidence of youth, added to that of a highly sensitive nature, did Cornelius, who was, necessarily, interpreter between the parties, approach the gentle stranger. “Fair lady,” he said, “we have listened to your appeal. My father pledges you his protection. But his cabin is too far away for us to reach to-night; and, besides, it would be open to the

assault of the enemy. But if you will trust this noble brother, who is chief of a great tribe, he will defend your retreat, and place you under the protection of some female friends, who will take care of you, until you can be removed to a place of greater comfort and safety.”

Argall understood this speech; and, with a flashing eye, he sprang to his feet. “How dare you,” he said, addressing Cornelius, “you, a beardless boy, to interfere with my arrangements, or my rights? She is mine, young sir! and neither you, nor any one here, is strong enough to take her from me!” In saying this he attempted to lay hold of the girl; but she eluded his grasp, and instinctively sprang into the arms of Van Courtlandt, and clung, like a panting fawn, to his bosom.

“Take me away!” she cried. “O, take me away from him! I care not where I go, so that he cannot follow!”

Mongotucksee understood the actions described, and wrapping a large feather mantle about the girl, he took her up, lightly as if she were no more than a babe in his arms; and, hurling his hatchet in the air, gave the war-cry. In a moment the place was thronged with Indians, who flourished their hatchets, responding to the loud and spirited cry of their chief.

“Shameless minion,” shouted Argall, as he attempted to detain his captive, who shrunk from his hand, as if every nerve had been laid bare to his touch, and felt, in addition to its natural sensibility, the new instinct of a deep and unspeakable loathing.

But putting him aside, with an act that seemed no more a waste of force than the brushing off a fly would be, Mongotucksee again flourished his tomahawk, and triumphantly bore the beautiful prisoner from her deadliest foe. He was immediately followed by Cornelius and Faunie, whose free and vigorous step, and elastic form, shrunk from no fatigue or inclemency of the weather; while the Indians, with one loud whoop, swinging their hatchets, closed the rear.

For a few moments, Argall became perfectly impotent in his rage. He turned upon the Commandant, accusing him of treachery—of conniving at the abduction of his captive—but luckily for that gentleman’s equilibrium, he did not understand a word of the grievous charges that were preferred against him. So the English Captain found that his anger had expended itself, without doing injury to any other person; and he sank down upon a mat, quite exhausted.

(To be Continued.)

A GEM.—The sunlight that follows a shipwreck, is not less beautiful though it shines upon the remains of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or to heal disturbance. They are enough to minister, by hints and reports, to domestic unkindness; and unfortunately, the best, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offense. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and rust though removed leaves a spot.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE IN BATTLE.—Among the “hair-breadth ‘scapes” at the battle of Sobraon, the following related by a young officer to his friend in Calcutta is very remarkable: “While I was laying the howitzer,” he says, “at a mass of their cavalry, a nine-pounder shot of theirs passed between my legs as they were bent in the act of stooping down to bring my eye on a level with the tangent scale of the gun and the muzzle. The sergeant of the gun said to me, ‘For God’s sake take care, sir, here comes a round shot!’ but before I could move it had passed through my legs, and bounded right over the limber wagon, horses and all, flying a long way to the rear, doing no harm. I could not help looking down to my legs to see if both were there and all right, for I did think one of them must have been knocked to atoms, but through God’s mercy, it passed me without a scratch.”

\* White.



## A DRAMA.

## SCENE I.—A LAWN.

*Rising curtain discovers two little children—ANNA, the youngest, asleep—while her sister MARY stands over her.*

MARY. Mother! Where are you? Mother! Mother! Mother!  
*Enter CHARITY and HOPE.*

CHARITY.—(Takes MARY by the hand.) What is the matter? I have heard your cry.

Where is your mother? Tell me, little one!

MARY. O, she is gone. She left us all alone;  
And sister Anna cried, till she was tired,  
And then she went to sleep.

*Enter PEACE.*

PEACE. Good morning, sister—  
What are these little children? Have you found  
In them sweet objects for the ministry  
Of your own tender, truthful, loving heart?

CHARITY. I came upon them but a moment since,  
Attracted by a low and mournful cry—  
Calling for Mother, in such a piteous voice—  
I never heard the like.

HOPE.—(takes MARY by the other hand.) What is your name?

MARY. My mother used to call me Mary, when  
She lived with us, and made us happy.—Now  
Nobody knows me—Nobody calls my name—  
Or sister Anna's.

PEACE. Let me wipe your tears.—(Takes out her handkerchief and  
wipes the child's eyes.)

HOPE. Look up, dear little Mary! You shall be  
Happy again.

MARY. Will you find my mother?

CHARITY. Ah this is very sorrowful!—She must be dead.

MARY. They said so; and her cheek was very white—  
And when I kissed her mouth, 'twas icy cold.  
It made me shiver! Tell me, what is dead?—

HOPE. Dear little one, it would be difficult  
To make you understand the mystery—  
But you shall find your mother.

MARY. When? O, when?

HOPE. Not yet. Be patient, Mary. In the sky  
There is a pleasant home, your mother's there—  
And you and little Anna both shall go  
And be with her for ever.

CHARITY. Until then  
We'll comfort you—and lead you in the way  
To find her—and be happy.

PEACE. Let us go  
With these poor orphans, to the infant school  
Of our dear sister, Wisdom.

*Enter WISDOM.*

CHARITY. Here she comes—  
Good morning, sister; we are haply met.  
We've found two little orphan children here,  
Weeping and sorrowful. This little one  
Says that her mother's gone: She must be dead—  
And when we questioned her about her home,  
She answered us with such a mournful face—  
"Indeed, I do not know. Where mother lived  
It was my home. I cannot find it now."

PEACE. How pitiful—how very sad it is—  
To see these tender children, left alone—  
With none to cherish—no protecting friend.

WISDOM. Most sorrowful, indeed. And, yet, I trust  
Their little spirits may be comforted.  
My doors—my arms—my heart—are open still;—  
And for the friendless there is ample room.

CHARITY. Thank you, dear sister; and we, too, will share  
The beautiful labor of your earnest love.

HOPE. They shall be happy. Look up, little Mary,  
And smile again! There, that's a precious love!  
We've found for you and Anna a new home!—

MARY.—(Takes ANNA by the hand) Wake up, sister! we are  
going home!

ANNA. (Rising) Mama, Ma-ma!

WISDOM. (Lifting ANNA in her arms, and caressing her.) Come,  
dearest little one!

Henceforth I'll be your mother—sisters, come!  
They must be hungry; and they're very cold  
With lying on the ground. Pray let us go.

WISDOM carries ANNA—CHARITY leads MARY—while HOPE and  
PEACE go off hand in hand. (Exeunt.)

## SCENE II.—A STREET.

*Enter AGE, (leaning on the arm of YOUTH.)*

YOUTH. This way, good mother. Lean upon my arm—  
It is a lovely morning. Do you not  
Feel the soft freshness of this balmy air?

AGE. The wind is fresh—the morning may be fair;  
But still they never seem to me the same  
I can remember, when I, too, was young.  
Then every thing was pleasant—(Reaches out her hand.)  
Ah, it rains.

I shiver with the cold—Let us go home.

YOUTH. Rains, mother? Rains? There is no speck of cloud  
On all the lovely arch of bending blue. (Aside.)  
It must be deeply mournful to forget  
The very sunbeam that is on our brow—  
To live, and keep no record of the hour,  
With all its beauty—'Tis a living death.

*Enter PATIENCE and HUMILITY, hand in hand; CHARITY, HOPE  
and FAITH following; and on the opposite side, REMORSE and  
DISAPPOINTMENT—singly—while YOUTH leads AGE to the back of  
the stage and seats her.*

YOUTH. Here is a seat—sit down, and rest you, mother.

AGE.—(Feeling for a seat.) Where is it, child?—There, I am  
better now.—(sits down.)

But still it's very cold—I don't like winter—  
A hail-storm is unpleasant; and the snow  
Blinds me, almost.

YOUTH. Why, mother, it is summer!  
The roses are in bloom!

*The newly arrived groups cross over, and slightly salute each other  
—CHARITY comes forward and addresses DISAPPOINTMENT and  
REMORSE.*

CHARITY. Tell me, fair nymphs—  
And pardon my presumption—for I see  
That you're unhappy—Is there any thing  
Wherein we may oblige you? There is nought  
Worth living for, unless our ministry  
May reach the wants of others, and wipe off  
The tears that fester on the cheek of Wo—  
Pouring the balm of Gilead on the wounds  
Of wrong and suffering that corrode the heart. (Takes the  
hand of REMORSE.)

REMORSE. Your name is Charity! I've often heard  
That such a spirit went abroad in life—  
Till now I never found her. But there is  
That in my bosom which defies your power.  
My life has been a life of suffering  
That sprang from my own errors—It is this  
Which bars the arrow, rankling in my heart!

*HOPE takes DISAPPOINTMENT by the hand and they appear to converse apart.*

CHARITY. Yet, gentle sister, yield not to despair;  
For you may yet retrace your erring steps,  
Triumphantly—and nobly.

REMORSE. All the clouds,  
Troubled and quivering, in my aching breast,  
Vibrate with pleasure to your gentle voice,  
That reaches every wound, like medicine.  
O had I known it, ere my follies wrought  
The consummation of their deadly wrong,  
And killed my mother! It was even so—  
I would not listen to her warning voice—  
The sweetest, tenderest voice I ever heard!  
I scorned her—mocked her—left her—and for one  
Whose wickedness I dare not think of now!



(HUMILITY comes forward and takes her other hand.)

HUMILITY. Yet penitence shall to thy heart restore  
More than its early freshness.

REMOUSE. It cannot  
Call back the spirit. Madly I became  
The wife of an apostate—ay—a fiend!  
And my poor mother—she who never heard  
My faintest wish unmoved—a victim fell  
To my own self-destruction!

CHARITY. Yet forbear  
To cherish thus the bitter memory—  
Your very wrongs may yet a blessing prove,—  
Since through them, now, you may achieve the work  
Of penitence and faith—till purified—  
Exalted by the sufferings of the Past—  
You may reach forth, and take a higher crown  
Than ever sat upon the untried brow.

HOPE.—(coming forward.) I see it all! Believe! It will be so!

FAITH. Be comforted. The truly penitent  
Will never be forsaken.

CHARITY. You shall be  
A beacon mid the stormy sea of life,  
To warn, and light, and save the wandering!  
Here is an object worth the highest thought—  
A mission fit for angels.

REMOUSE. Could I drink  
The fabled waters of forgetfulness,  
I yet might live. But yonder is HER grave;  
And on its green turf, there, for ever sits  
A sheeted specter—silent—cold—and pale—  
With one hand pressing on the tender heart  
That I have broken. I have laid me down  
On the fresh greensward of that lowly grave,  
Night after night, insensible to fear—  
Calling her name, until my accents smote  
On the grim silence—with its agony  
Cleaving asunder all the troubled air!

(Enter WISDOM and PEACE, who talk apart with YOUTH and PERSEVERENCE.)

HUMILITY.—(to REMOUSE.) Yet bow thyself, dear sister. Let  
the tears  
Of deepest penitence bedew thy cheek;  
And they shall cool its fever.

PEACE. So shalt thou  
Find the fair olive budding in thy heart;  
And Love and Hope, shall visit thee again.

REMOUSE. I bless you, gentle spirits. You have been  
The first to speak me kindly. Lead me forth,  
Where'er you will, I now submit myself  
To your blest guidance.

FAITH. Ah, now I know  
You will be strong again—and nobly strong—  
Be full of courage, sister, and believe.

PER. Adopt a resolution that you will  
Root out, and overcome, all trace of wrong,  
And triumph over weakness.

PATIENCE. Yet believe  
The work of penitence cannot be made  
Effectual in a moment. Nerve yourself  
To a strong daily effort; and success  
Will surely crown your labors.

(WISDOM comes forward.)

WISDOM. I have heard  
Your story from our sisters. Come with me,  
And seek the pure life-fountains.

(They retire to the back of the stage, while HOPE leads DISAPPOINTMENT forward.)

HOPE.—(to DIS.) Let us hear  
The story of your own eventful life;  
And be assured there yet is much of joy  
Deep in the bosom of the Future hid.

DIS. The heart that has met falsehood every where,  
Will hardly dare believe you! 'Twas my fate

To lean on shadows. Beautiful they were—  
And I believed them real. But, alas!  
With the first breath of wind they sped away,  
Leaving me desolate.—And yet again  
I trusted—but to be again betrayed  
By friends I loved most dearly—till, at last,  
I had forgot the rose, and only knew  
The cruel thorn that hid beneath its leaves—  
Hope went out in my bosom; for I knew  
Life could have nothing left but bitterness!

HOPE. And yet the future shall be brighter, far,  
Than even thy brightest visions.

FAITH, (coming forward.) And, believe,  
This early suffering is a minister,  
To lead thy young heart up to higher joy—  
To waken powers which, else, might ne'er have been  
Called forth, to life, and action.

(WISDOM coming forward takes DISAPPOINTMENT by the hand.)

WISDOM. And remember, too,  
That disappointments are the angel plumes  
Which wing us up to Heaven. Seek constantly  
For every little chance of doing good;  
And from the labors of benevolence  
Shall spring forth living buds of peace and hope,  
Whose greenness, and whose bloom shall never fade—  
But with their freshness garland o'er your life,  
And win back to your heart the stranger, Joy.

DIS. I cannot speak—I'll answer you in song—

SONG.—TUNE—"O, ever thus from Childhood's hour."

O, never—never—from the hour  
Of life's unclouded, morning ray,  
Awoke for me one brightest flower,  
But it was sure to fade away.

I never nursed one cherished thing  
Within the deep folds of my heart,  
But suddenly it would take wing,  
And tear the tenderest chords apart!

Still buoyant, in my earnest thought,  
I trusted—hoped—believed again—  
Until the deeper grief was wrought—  
My love—my trust—were all in vain.

And now the wing of dark despair  
Is folded on my troubled breast—  
With one thought ever rankling there—  
I might have been so deeply blest.

PEACE, (taking her hand.) And our song, now, shall make reply  
to thine—

SONG.—TUNE—"The Lark."

Hark, a sound of joy is ringing  
Out upon the morning air!—  
Human voices, sweetly singing,  
Hope triumphant o'er Despair!

From the birds a tuneful chorus  
Through the valley floats along;  
And the air around us—o'er us—  
All is bursting into song!

Bosoms long oppressed with sadness  
Catch the sweet inspiring strain;  
And their living fount of gladness  
Never shall be sealed again!

(WISDOM takes DISAPPOINTMENT and REMOUSE by the hand.)

WISDOM. Come, let me lead you to my happy home.  
Most joyfully I make you now my guests;  
And all your tears, and sorrows, soon will be  
Forgot in active duty.

(To the others.) Let us go,  
Dear sisters; your presence, too, will grace  
Our jubilee for two dear ransomed souls—  
From weakness, and from error, now redeemed. *Exeunt.*



[Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.]

## THE INDIAN'S APOSTROPHE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE monarch gazed. A soul of tenderness  
Beamed in the holy presence from on high.  
Scarce conscious that he spoke, he murmured low:  
"Thou lovely moon that smilest on me now,  
And all ye stars that light the blue above,  
Reck ye at all of human treachery,  
Of guilt, of sorrow, or of breaking hearts?—  
Do sachems wander by your milky streams  
And make them salt with tears? In your light woods  
Do they hunt kings like panthers? Doth the lip  
Speak always like the soul, or will it lie?  
Know ye of hopes which only come to mock—  
Of dreams that madden ere they are dissolved  
And flee like vapory shadows? Lovely stars!  
Say have ye aught like human misery  
Within your far-off brightness? Can ye tell?  
One after one shall generations pass,  
Till ages yet undreamed of, shall have gone;  
But ye will shine as brightly beautiful,  
As now ye do—nor ever fade—nor change—  
Though sachems turn to dust—thrones crumble down—  
And rocks, and hills, and streams, shall pass away."

## THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

WHEN earth produces, free and fair,  
The golden, waving corn,  
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,  
And fleecy flocks are shorn;  
While thousands move with aching head,  
And sing this ceaseless song—  
"We starve, we die, oh, give us bread!"  
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,  
From off the fruitful soil;  
When luxury from pole to pole  
Reaps fruit of human toil;  
When from a thousand, one alone,  
In plenty rolls along;  
The others only gnaw the bone,  
There must be something wrong,

And when production never ends,  
The earth is yielding ever;  
A copious harvest oft begins,  
But distribution—never!  
When toiling millions work to fill  
The wealthy coffers strong;  
When hands are crushed that work and till—  
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away  
To barrenness and drought;  
There must be something in the way,  
That's worth the finding out;  
With surfeits one great table bends,  
While numbers move along:  
While scarce a crust their board extends,  
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right  
To wealthy and to poor;  
Let freedom crush the arm of might,  
We ask for nothing more;  
Until this system is begun,  
The burden of our song  
Must, and can be, this only one—  
There must be something wrong,

## COLONNADE SCHOOL, For Young Ladies.

THE MISSES DODGE'S COLONNADE SCHOOL, No. 1 Colonnade Row, (first street,) Williamsburg, L. I.

The course of study is designed to include all the branches of a thorough English education, together with the Latin and French languages, Music and Drawing.

Competent and highly qualified teachers are employed, and all the assistance rendered to make the studies instructive and attractive. Particular attention will be paid to the comfort, morals, and deportment of the pupils that may be intrusted to their charge, while the large expense of a modern Boarding School will be avoided.

### TERMS.

Board, with tuition in the English branches, French and Music, with the use of the Piano, - - - - \$200 per annum,  
Payable, quarterly, in advance.

The sessions commence on the first of May and the first of November. Vacations during the months of April and October.

### REFERENCES:

REV. SAMUEL S. HASKINS, Williamsburg, L. I.  
REV. CHARLES REYNOLDS, " "  
HENRY PAYSON, ESQ., " "  
C. L. COOK, M. D., " "  
A. J. BERRY, M. D., " "  
I. O. BARKER, ESQ., 134 Nassau-street.  
REV. DR. LYELL, New York.  
LYMAN COBB, A. M., 72 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.  
REV. S. B. PADDOCK, Cheshire, Conn.  
T. HART HYATT, N. Y., office, 164 Nassau-street.

✂ Pupils will be received at any time during the Term; and charges made from the time of entrance.

## THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. An interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

In its PHILOSOPHICAL departments, among many other themes which are treated, particular attention will be bestowed upon the general subject of PSYCHOLOGY, or the science of the human Soul; and interesting phenomena that may come under the heads of dreaming, somnambulism, trances, prophesy, clairvoyance, &c., will from time to time be detailed, and their relations and bearings exhibited.

In the MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT, an original and highly interesting HISTORICAL ROMANCE of the city of New York, is now being published, written by a lady.

In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth, tending to the Reform and reorganization of society, being the grand object contemplated.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER is edited by S. B. BRITTAN assisted by several associates; and is published every Saturday at 235 Broadway, New York: being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, S. B. BRITTAN, 235 Broadway, New York.